

# War "So"

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[Intro: Warcloud]

You find ya self devoured by woodland creatures  
Lightin' matches under my hat, ghost pirates  
Frosty mug of rum

[Warcloud]

Old Los Angeles, heroin epidemics  
I bust slugs, they love to figure skate through me  
We had a merry war, turn M.C.'s to cannon boys  
I carved Wu-Tang in the tie, you heard the stabbin'  
noise

Raw head breaks, snake eater of dungeon  
A web of dead bodies in the sewer, underground  
London

Passion in the desert, my guns'll love backwards  
Just around the royal staircase, he runs laughter  
Just around the royal staircase, he runs laughter  
My forearm is made out of rifles that bust factor  
And pop might murder the woman in the here after  
I laugh cuz I'm a pirate, shot you twice in the abdomen  
Then opened up the back of his head, like a cabinet  
The blood sprained into my face  
And ran down my revolver like the gaze of the next  
victim I slaughtered

Caught within a second, he wandered down the tunnel  
Feel the ghost of a little boy rammed by, at the end  
I squeeze a trigger violent, Warcloud the tyrant  
All wet wit blood, on Godly assignment  
Slap a whipper snapper, ya's better mount up and  
slither

I smack you like a bear, watch a salmon out of a river  
[Chorus 2X: Warcloud]

Roll him up in the carpet, carry him up the staircase  
Ghost Pirates, Old Los Angeles, and we're fabulous  
Rhyme biohazardous, shot him twice in the abdomen  
Then opened up the back of his head, like a cabinet

[Skarekrow]

My liquids drip through ya storm drains, stained  
window sills  
Black feathered birds gathered in the back of the  
cornfield  
Stuck like a quicksand on rich land  
While apostle tried to translate the novels in the palm

of my hand  
I break training wheels and kick stands  
Produce

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